

SOME ASSISTED IMMIGRANTS.

The Religious Orphan and Some Others of Whom England Got Rid.

The most interesting incident before the Congressional Committee yesterday was the examination of James H. Greenleaf, who next was the appearance of General Spisola, who deigned for the first time to help his fellow Congressmen to find out to what extent the immigration laws have been violated. The General's silence is visible, for when anything occurred that pleased him, his head went down and his Gladstonian shirt collar came up.

Greenleaves were an immaculate white duck jacket and knee breeches, red stockings and yellow shoes. Resting on his bosom was a large heart-shaped piece of red silk, which was held in place by a brown silk band that was wound around his neck. His hat was a small soft affair, with a blue top and a black brim. Around it was a gold band, on which the words, "Lewis the Light," were wrought in blue letters. Many persons will recognize Greenleaves as the husband of the woman who is trying to earn a living in Brooklyn as a barbers.

The man said he was 36 years old, and that he had made several successful voyages between this country and England, of which he is a native. He is a carpenter by trade and served as agent for two steamship companies in his native place until he took to the dissemination of his peculiar religious views, the free expression of which has already landed him in more than one English prison or asylum.

Greenleaves' story had convinced the committee that he was really innocent mentally, and then questions were directed to show that he had been born in this country in order to get rid of a troublesome customer.

My wife was anxious to come to this country, said Greenleaves, and the committee asked him if he had any objection to his wife's coming. He said no, and the members were very considerate. Dr. Greenleaf, the son of the committee, then suggested me if I would come to New York.

"You are sure he said New York and not America?"

I said that, as my wife was coming, I would accept the offer. I received a discharge which I showed to the committee, and they accepted the report that Lewis the Light—that's me—was incarcerated, and she got money enough to pay the fare of herself and her children to come to this country.

We were received by the steamship company, and I was told that Old Providence was a favorite resort of the buccaneers 200 years ago.

THE WAYS OF OLD PROVIDENCE.

If You're Going to be Skinned, Don't Go on Archibald's Boat.

Capt. Delfosse of the schooner Eunis Mowen, his wife and daughter, and two sons, together with the crew of the schooner, numbering 15 men, were brought to this port from Colon by the steamer Colon yesterday. Their vessel was wrecked on July 16 on the long reef that makes out to the northwest of Old Providence Island, on the Central American coast. She beached over until the port rail was under. The crew started at once for this boat, but the waves were so high that they could not get them back. Then all hands clung to the hatches with the waves washing over them, from the port rail until a vessel next morning towed the boat ashore and got away.

The passage to the shore was through a narrow, winding channel between the rocks of the reef, which many tried to make it at night without success.

On the way in people from the island were met, and the mate returned to the ship to get supplies. The crew, however, had to go ashore as could be saved. A good deal of it was got ashore. Speaking of this yesterday, the mate said:

"I took the stuff ashore and landed it at many points about the island as possible. There were thousands of coconuts on the beach, and I took them to the natives and traded them around the island to collect it. It might be sold for the benefit of the ship. The natives with one accord refused to give it up, however, and one of the crew was beaten from the cabin. So the Captain went before the Municipal Judge, James Archibald, and complained. He was told to go ashore, and he did so, and the natives, on the island, he heard our case, and then solemnly announced to the people present that they would not sell the cargo, and that the man must go. He had been buried in the salvage of stuff himself, however, and developed a disposition, as he said, to deal fairly with us. After a great deal of argument, he sold it to us at a price which he had saved, and had then sold at auction. They brought \$10. Of this he claimed \$10 for salvage, and had brought \$10 cash. He had stored the nuts by piling them up on the beach. As the entire Government was to the side of the natives, and then he said to me if I would come to New York."

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